

the fertile valley with fire and sword, making good his boast that "a crow flying over the country would have to carry his rations." Many a Tunker's fat barn, fat mill and fat house went up in smoke and flame.

General Sherman said that "war is hell," and if this be true those who carry it on must for the time being at least be devils, and their acts must be judged from a diabolonian point of view. That is to say, the temporary devil's honest conception of his duty may be fire and sword, although civilization steps in with a polite bow and remarks: "Now this is really a little too rough. You should murder and burn in a more rational and humane manner."

Many interesting incidents occurred in the experience of the southern Tunkers. A notable one was the arrest of a number of them for trying to leave the country. As I heard the story, these good fellows unversed in the ways of war, arrayed in faultless church uniform and mounted on fat farm horses, calmly took the highway in broad daylight and headed toward yankeedom. When they approached the lines they were of course intercepted by the vigilant home guard who appropriated their fat horses, their fat wallets of good old coin, and marched them off to terrible Castle Thunder, a dreaded government prison in Richmond. One incident of the arrest was highly dramatic. It seems that the guards were unacquainted with the Tunkers as a people, or else at the instant of arrest they would not have ordered his innocent cavalcade to deliver up their arms. At the order every brother pulled out his New Testament and poked it in the face of a soldier. The men of war were greatly amazed and doubted in their minds what manner of men these might be. If they had ever been confronted with this sword before, they were certainly not familiar with the Tunker method of handling it.

On another occasion the Tunker martyr, Elder John Cline, a near relative of my mother's, one of the ablest and certainly the most godly man the Tunker church ever produced, was arrested for some military offense, imaginary or real, and thrown into jail among other political prisoners. Where upon he began to preach and pray and sing in such zealous and godly sort that the guards, fearing a repetition of the Phillippian earthquake, opened the doors of the prison and told him to be gone. Many other incidents of a like nature could be gathered by an intelligent scribe who would take the trouble to interview the Elders and accurately trace these traditions of the war.

In the southern half of the Tunker church in Virginia, my father was the most influential man among his people, and they all went to him for advice and help in the troubles incident to their peculiar position. His ability, courage and great force of character qualified him as an adviser and leader in those perilous times, and often brought him into contact and sometimes in conflict with the officials. Some of them hated him thoroughly, and for years his life was openly

threatened. Men prominent in the community went armed to do him hurt, and the government sent detectives to entangle him in his words.

My own war experience was meager, except in the line of retreat. Twice I helped to run the farm horses into the woods so that the yankees couldn't get them, and a night and a day I was in the mountain, from which I emerged with no damage more distressing than a country boy's appetite after an enforced fast. The yankees were gone, and I had to descend from the romance of galloping in the wild woods to the prosaic but more useful occupation of plowing corn.

All the fever and passion of those times has become a memory, and we witness today, in the face of a foreign foe, a united country cemented together with the strongest bonds of fraternal patriotism, giving good promise of perpetual accord in the stretch of the coming years. A pleasing spectacle truly, from the political standpoint, but no more pleasing and hopeful than the spectacle of an honest, sincere and godly people turning their faces stedfastly against the devilish abomination of military strife, undeceived by the glamor of false glory which has for so many bloody ages gilded the hideous death's head of war.

B. C. MOOMAW.

## Matrimonial

SHOEMAKER—BOATMAN.—At the home of the groom at West Independence O., April 10, 1898, Mr. Harley Shoemaker and Miss Carrie Boatman.

M. S. WHITE.

VAUGHT—EPPEPLY.—At the residence of the bride's parents near Udell, Iowa, March 27, 1898, brother C. H. Vaught and sister Clara M. Epperly were united in marriage. These young people are our leading bright lights in our religious circles. Sister Epperly is organist at the New Hope church, and Brother Vaught is always found at his post in the choir. The festivities were not behind in good and enjoyable society, cakes and goodies. May the bright promises that surround these young people prove a reality.

JOHN A. MYERS.

Millersburg, Iowa.

REPLOGLE—STUTZMAN.—Brother J. Blaine Replote, of Pittsburg and sister Bertha, daughter of brother and sister Jacob Stutzman were united in the bonds of holy matrimony at the home of the bride's parents in Rosedale on Sunday afternoon, March 27, by the writer, being witnessed by only a few immediate relatives. Brother Blaine is a son of brother and sister J. Z. Replogle of Westmont, Johnstown and a young man of bright attainments and commendable character. He is employed in the Electrical Department of the Black Diamond Steel Works of Pittsburg.

May their bark of matrimonial life ever sail on the sunny seas of prosperity and hap-

piness and may God's richest blessings ever rest on their happy union.

R. E. DARLING.

## Our Dead

WHITE.—Benjamin S. White was born in Knox Co., Ohio, August 18, 1830. Emigrated to Wabash Co., Ind., in 1848. In this place he lived until his departure for the other shore which took place very unexpectedly on the evening of April 12, 1898, aged 67 years 8 months and 14 days. He was married twice, the first time to Rachael Evans in 1855. To this union three children were born, two have gone on before. His second marriage occurred in 1866 to Miss Eliza Oakley. To this union were born seven children. Six of them with their mother mourn his departure. He was a member of the united Brethren church having united with that body in 1878.

Brother White was a soldier in the civil war and won for himself honor due to him who stands in defence of American independence and religious liberty to the long and weary march is over. He'll hear the bugle call no more until the blast of Gabriel trump shall sound the last reveille calling but not to the clash of arms, but to the last and great judgement day.

Funeral in the Wabash, German Baptist church to a large concourse of friends.

WM. W. SUMMERS.

North Manchester, Ind.

KELS.—Helen Esther Kels the infant daughter of brother and sister George Kels was plucked by God's tender hand to bloom in the beautiful gardens above on March 27, 98, aged 8 months and 19 days. We must all bow physically to the inevitable laws of death. He spares not even the treasures of our homes, not even the sweetest floweret, but though now no breath parts the little lips of love and no golden ringlet stirs with life, yet we have the blessed assurance of a ha me ting on that other shore, where no white crape floats from the doors of those deathless mansions, and where we shall not kiss the little ones "good bye" to be placed away underneath the violets, there to await the resurrection morn.

"Its little life was but a breath,  
A smile, a tear, a kiss, then death  
Tore from the arms that would have kept  
The darling, and it slept,  
But safe on heaven's jeweled shore  
It will awake to life forevermore."

Funeral conducted by writer.

R. E. DARLING.

NEFF.—Elder George Neff was born in Franklin Co., Va., Dec. 13, 1827. He died April 8, 1898, aged 70 years, 3 months and 25 days. He was married to Olive Bodwell Nov. 18, 1855. Three children were born to this union two of which survive him—Mrs F. M. Hays of Elkhart Ind., and Charles Neff of Jefferson. He became a member of the Brethren church April 1878,